

McGill College



Magazine

Winter Issue

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No. 2

McGill University



Macdonald College Magazine

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VOL. XXI

WINTER

NO. 2

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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To The Teachers Training at Macdonald College

(A Message From The Hon. H. G. CARROLL.)

My dear friends,

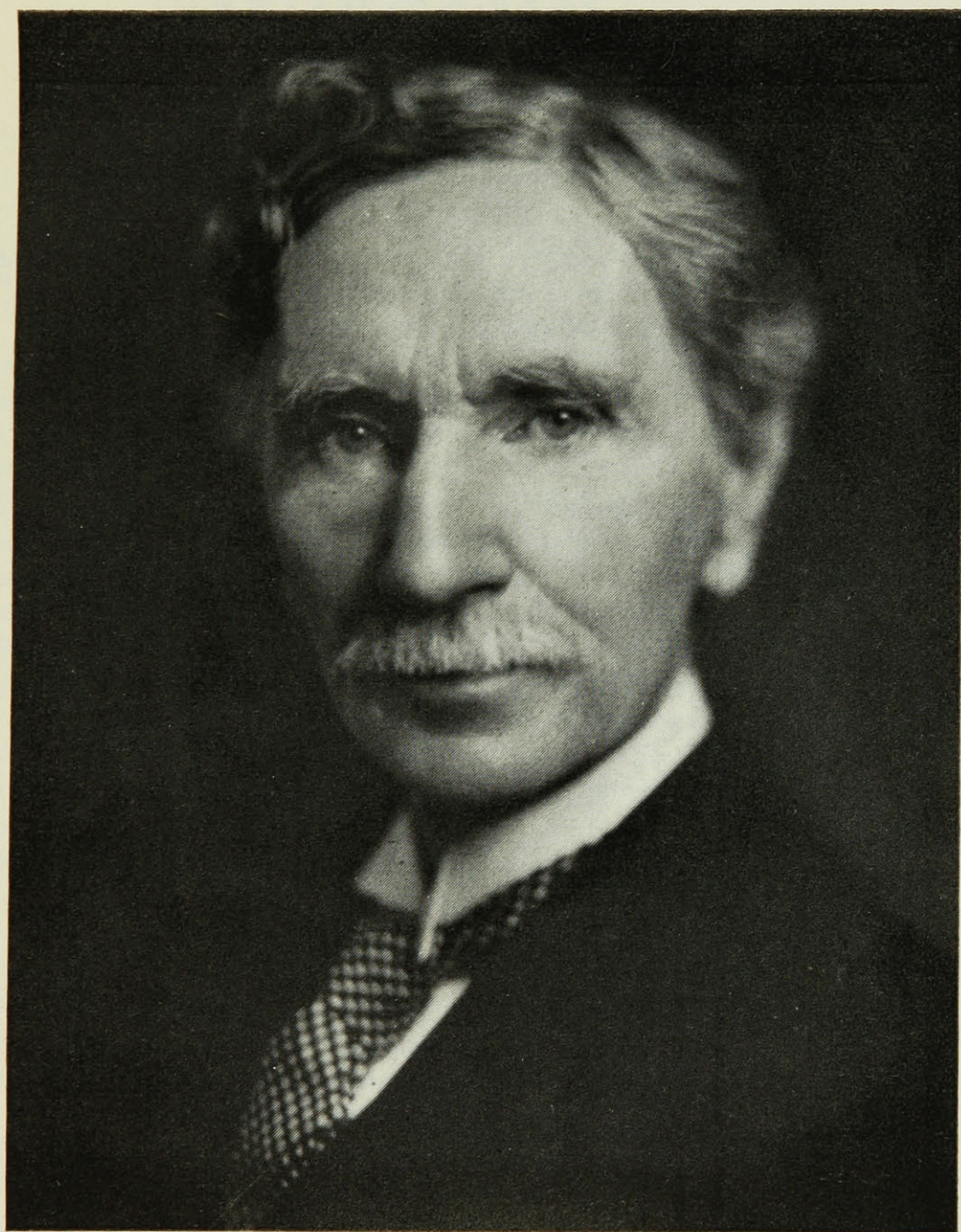
I do not like to give advice, but my age permits me to do so. To those intending to take up teaching, I say: Study the characters and temperaments of the children entrusted to you. I do not think that you will meet with two pupils of the same temperament; child differs from child by his qualities, habits and defects. A master must be very shrewd to catch the distinction between various temperaments. Let me insist on one point: Never humiliate a child, for he will remember it with bitterness all through life. These immature beings are more sensitive than full grown men who have a due appreciation of the justice or injustice done to them. Children judge only by their sensitiveness, and injustice or scorn cuts them to the heart.

Teaching is indeed a higher calling which demands a vocation. If ever you feel weary or discouraged, remember that yours is perhaps man's noblest mission on earth.

I therefore extend my warmest wishes to you of Macdonald College.

Childhood is said to be a pitiless age. This is partly true, and the best advice I can give students is to be kind and considerate to one another. Not a day passes but affords an opportunity of pleasing a companion by some attention or other. Such little acts of kindness foster close friendship which endures through life.

I again wish happiness and prosperity to the prospective teachers of Macdonald College.
Quebec, 24th January 1931.



Macdonald College Magazine



FOUNDER'S Day this year had a special significance, for it was the 100th. anniversary of the birth of Sir William.

We, who reap the benefit of his munificence, have also the power of assisting in the fulfilment of his wishes and ideals. He dreamed of a greater Canada, a vigorous, active Canada; and he was a practical dreamer. 'A man,' to quote Dr. Ross, 'who said little, but did much.'

His devotion to the interests of his Country is everywhere evident in the monuments he erected. His own monument is in the enthusiastic continuation of the work which he set on foot — the furtherance of Education throughout the Dominion.

We should be inspired to make this a year of special success, and strive to nourish the healthy, friendly spirit which now prevails. But, more particularly, there should be fostered an earnest endeavour on the part of each one of us to stifle the unhappy lethargy which is killing response to College functions and activities.

We can show our enthusiasm in many ways. The Formals need more support; the hockey team needs rooters; the Players Club — Contests — every activity, in fact, will be better for some genuine backing. And we would plead for the Magazine.

An entirely new board strives to maintain the standards of the past, and to fulfil the demands of the student for a written monument to his (or her) opinions, conceits, and fantasies; which exist, unfortunately, almost exclusively in the imagination.

It is a sad confession that we have received our greatest support from outside the student ranks, and we are greatly indebted to all the spirited people who, whatever their opinions of college magazines, have assisted publication by furnishing us with addresses and articles. The fact that graduates have given us unsolicited aid is a good indication that a college and its functions are more fully appreciated when one has ceased to be intimately connected with them. We trust that in the future the student body will show more foresight, and that we shall benefit by adequate assistance.

This is an excellent time for us to step out of our present sluggish selves. Our Founder set us a worthy example. Surely we are prepared to follow.

Why Did I Ever Pick Out Macdonald?

By STEVE WALFORD, Agr. '26

DESTERDAY, just before I left Lafayette for four days on the road, the fall issue of the Macdonald College Magazine was dropped on my desk. As I scanned the greetings from Miss Philp, Dean Barton and Dean Laird, the enlightening historical sketch by Norrie Hodgins, the athletic news, the personal items, and the well-gotten-up reports of the class reorganizations, an old, old question flashed again to mind, "Why did I ever pick *Macdonald* for an alma mater?" I just smiled to myself.

I asked that question the week I lost my raven tresses at the Freshman initiation, I asked it at almost every big dance, when polished boys from other schools relieved us of our regular playmates, I asked it every time the McGill C.O.T.C. or survey school came to Ste Annes and impressed us with our insignificance, I asked it every day during the month Shorty Mills and I were exiled from the Men's residence and all social privileges for being identified in a parade through the Women's Residence—I asked it just thousands of times while at Mac., and since. In fact, once upon a time at just about this time of year I was asking myself that little question continually, and was just counting the days until, with a sheepskin tucked under my arm, I could tell several people several very pertinent facts. But I didn't. And I'm mighty glad of it now.

* * *

Now don't misunderstand me at the outset. I thoroughly enjoyed myself while at Macdonald — sometimes in a quiet way, sometimes in a way not quite so quiet. I acquired a deep respect for the place and the people there. If there were any college activities passed up, it happened through lack of time. And I value my block M and rugby numerals more than any honour received before or since. In fact, one of the greatest pleasures of the past summer's vacation was to step into the old haunts again, even if only for a few days.

But there always arose that bothersome question — and in view of the foregoing you will read a slightly different meaning into it. — "Why did I ever pick *Macdonald* as an alma mater, when bigger schools have so much more to offer?"

Since leaving Mac. I have spent considerable time with kid brother at Connecticut Aggie. Last winter I lived with five other lads from Penn. State, Univ. of Chicago, Iowa State, Nebraska Wesleyan and Univ. of California. At Purdue University, my headquarters, there is a student body of some 4000, and close acquaintances at the University of Illinois tell me about the annual mid-

year flunking of about 2000 Freshmen to make room in Urbana for a new delegation of young hopefuls. Incidentally, in the work on the campus and out in the field I'm constantly thrown in contact with graduates of the best-known universities on this continent.

Quite naturally, school days (and the real things that they left in their wake) are a frequent topic of pretty frank conversation. We swap experiences, and our ideas of what it's all about, and I just smile inwardly. I went to *Macdonald*. Sometimes I have to mention the affiliation with McGill, or otherwise identify the geographical setting, but I can justifiably smile just the same, because I had access to many things at Macdonald that are not available at bigger schools, while at the same time missing very few of the lasting things offered on a larger campus.

And of all the college men and women with whom I have discussed it, I have not yet met a single one who has ever known anyone, who had ever heard of anyone whose school was anything like those pictured in most "college life" movies or stories. That's been well worth learning.

* * *

Sunday afternoon I felt badly lost when Martha and Johnny got to arguing about molecular weights and vapor density (or were those the terms they used?). That material was buried almost as deep in the past as was my bacteriology when I had occasion to use some of it last year. But it came to the surface intact when I needed it. Sic transit much of the course work acquired while at college — the little details disappear when not used continually but the broad principles remain, ready to act as a skeleton around which to build the details when the occasion demands. It is hard to find a school offering a broader grounding in sound agricultural principles than that available at Macdonald, particularly since so many schools have set out to make "left second molar tooth extraction" specialists out of men who have not yet had occasion to find out just where the molar tooth fits into the general scheme of things.

Next to the broad general idea of the different branches of agriculture, the best thing I got from the courses at Mac. was a keenness to learn more about several subjects than was given during regular class hours. As a matter of fact, in my book box at Lafayette lie the notes of one of the courses which has helped me most in the last couple of years. One sheet only. It is headed "Poultry Diseases General — Dr. R. L. Conklin". The rest of the sheet is blank. I think I got what he was trying to give us, and in a much more lasting form than on paper. Doc. Brunt taught me to like and appreciate good stories, and I'm mighty glad he did — it's helped brighten many hours that would have been just terribly lonely.

To my knowledge, nobody was ever "staked to a sweet ride" through Macdonald on the strength of athletic prowess. Neither were special concessions made to members of the college teams when examination time arrived. Nor was any player "burned out"

through intensive training, "all for the glory of dear old Upson" — (and for the advertising and box-office receipts which his efforts might effect.) Amateur athletics at Macdonald have always meant just what the term implies.

I used to bewail the fact that there were so few opportunities for self-support while at Mac. At the same time I greatly enjoyed sprawling all over somebody else's bed and listening to Wallie Walker propound his plan for making the bulk of his profits from the sale of otherwise wasted by-products of his imaginary poultry ranch, or helping Tommy Warren elaborate his Mediterranean Scheme, whereby the evaporation from that Sea could be harnessed and used to electrify all Europe. Those wild and foolish dreams gave rise to other dreams — dreams which still persist. I'm glad that I had time while at school to idle around with the boys and dream aimlessly and out loud. That's impossible for the fellow who's "pot-walloping" or milking his way through.

Just finished four hours of talking on my feet to-day. To two audiences that had to be approached in entirely different ways. Used several little devices to hold their attention and drive the points home. — devices taught me by "Tommy". Doc. Brunt and Dean Laird after I was first "pitchforked" to my feet in an elocutionary contest during my Freshman year at Mac.

And most of my time the week before last was spent in writing up publicity material according to the formulae impressed by Norrie Hodgins, and tried out in this magazine.

While in Lafayette, I spend most of my spare time with a group of Purdue students from Richardson's rooming house. They almost all take the same option, they're all from Indiana, and they eat with each other and a few other Indiana boys whom they meet in classes. When they go to a dance, they travel as a group. They know each other intimately, but are in close contact with very few others. Much the same can be said of most fraternities on the campus, though the unit there is slightly larger. In checking over the old playmates at Macdonald, I find all sections of the globe represented, a wide variety as regards social and financial status, and a still greater variety of life histories previous to entering Mac. And we all lived together, ate together, swapped experiences and ideas, shared equally the good times and the disappointments, with scarcely any regard for caste, creed or colour. I got something at Macdonald that those boys at Richardson's can't hope to get. I got it from Steve Ward, "Montie" Montserrin, Herbie Angell, the Millhollin brothers, Wilfrid Perron, Dick Cooper, Phil Fernau, Ralph Bennett, Nubar Nadir, Ken Stewart, Stan Hetherington, Ron Stuckey, and many others whose ideas I'd never have had a peek at, had it not been for the cosmopolitan nature of the Men's Residence.

In no other school have I found women so well and sanely thought of, and as sincerely respected as at Macdonald.

* * *

"I've burned up a good many tins of "Checkers" trying to answer that old question, "Why did I ever pick out Macdonald?"

I never seemed to be able to answer it satisfactorily while there, or for some time following. But to-night, almost five years after leaving the dear old place, looking back over the *real* things Mac. left with me, and comparing them with what's actually to be had at the institutions I might have picked in preference if I had had unlimited choice, I can sit back and laugh about it. A rather contented laugh, because in reality I never *picked* Macdonald at all. It was just a mighty fortunate set of circumstances that sent me there.

* * *

To The B. H. S. Undergrads

A graduate addresses herself to the present Macdonald generation. Her letter, though of particular interest to B.H.S. Students, contains paragraphs which might well be brooded upon by members of all three Schools—ED.

Dear Children:

I know that you will forgive the salutation, when you learn that I am an ancient B. H. S. graduate who is keenly interested in every one of you. You will not realize just how interested until some years after you have graduated, and you revisit Mac. yourself. Do you know that when two of us old timers get together we carry on a conversation somewhat as follows: "Hello—how've you been? Know any Mac news? You were there last week? Tell me, what are the new girls like? So and so told me they were not half bad. Of course it's hard to tell yet, but they ought to accomplish quite a bit in four years. I wish I could tell them some of the things we found out. I only began to get acclimatized by the end of my second year. I'd like to see some good, strong, B. H. S. traditions developed and passed on."

After reading the first issue of the Mag. this year I decided to send to you through it's pages a friendly greeting from one who, some time ago, plodded along the path you've chosen. Also—and it will please you to read on,—a little grandmotherly advice.

Do or try to do everything that comes your way. Go in for those play readings—and the public speaking contests, particularly if you are scared to. We need dietitians who can talk! We need those who can write, too! Practice on the reading public at Mac. Experiment on them; and watch their reactions!

Take your place in the college societies. Learn how to handle a business meeting. You'll be glad of the knowledge some day!

Most important of all—know your stuff! Don't learn it just for exams. It's hard to bluff doctors, even if you get by on the exam.

If you are not prepared for the work you have to do when you start to practice your profession; you will soon develop that

strained, tight-lipped professional appearance—brought on by worry. I wouldn't wish that look on my worst enemy; for I might have to look at her sometimes.

And last, but by no means least, don't overlook the social graces! If anyone should tell me, when I am off duty, that I look like a dietitian!—I'll—well—I probably wouldn't quite kill them—no—but I should most certainly feed them something that would make them decidedly uncomfortable.

You know, of course, of the B. H. S. Graduate Society. We hope you will join us when you graduate. We would like McGill B. H. S. Grads. to be recognized as the best dietitians in the country. *It is possible if we all work at it.*

So please accept this greeting from one of your predecessors. Here's to your future! I've looked you over, and I think you are all right!

An Ex-Macite.

P.S. I really did look you over—and you will have to step if you are going to live up to my expectations! I'm watching, with interest and confidence.

* * *

Congratulatory Ode

(Men and Women students may now 'go walking' together on Sunday afternoons.)

O! Powers that Be, whose all pervading grace
This new decree upon the humble scrolls
Of so-called student Government doth place,

So that on Sabbath days these youthful souls
But lately disunited now may meet,
In happy couples that your Law enrolls.

While students, with their sample funds replete,
Which heretofore but six days they could spend,
Now on the seventh one more meal may treat

To grateful damsels! Our thanks to you we tend!
While we who hoped your studious heights to climb,
And to your tasks our precious Sundays lend,

Now bask with joy in Freedom so sublime,
(Provided that we're home by supper time!)

LYSANDER.

The Party Line

(A Comedy in One Act)

Characters

ELMER HODGE A farmer
JEMIMA His wife
TELEPHONE On a rural line

Usual collection of children, etc.

THE scene represents the typical kitchen-dining-living room of a mixed farm in eastern Canada. The mixture can be seen through the window at the back—hogs, windmills, byres, wheatfields, goats, currant bushes, tobacco plants, hay tedders, oaken buckets, oxen, asses, menservants, maidservants, horses, horses, horses, etc., etc. The room itself is somewhat mixed. To the right stands a cream separator, a large cooking range and a sink. To the left, a radio (not yet paid for), an occasional table (bearing copies of the Farmer's Advocate, Lydia Pinkham's Almanac and a government circular on Rabbit Hutch Construction), and a what-not. A long table, flanked with round-backed wooden chairs in bright yellow, occupies the middle distance. The floor is painted the same bright yellow. The walls are in robin's egg blue, tastefully decorated with calendars from feed merchants, machinery agents, insurance houses and drug emporiums, interspersed with lithographs of 'The Stag at Bay', 'Kitchener of Khartoum', 'Sir Wilfred Laurier', while a few smocks and hats, a round-mouthed shovel, a pitch fork and a Dutch hoe add that homey touch. Between 'The Stag at Bay' and the shovel hangs a telephone instrument in golden oak with chin rest and with bells of great activity. It is attached to a party line with 32 subscribers, so throughout the play one hears a constant ringing of ear-piercing signals—two longs and a short, two shorts and a long, four longs, eighteen shorts, etc. The time is the four-o'clock 'afternoon tea' hour of a busy day in haying. As the curtain rises the room is empty save for a collie dog lying underneath the table, a tortoise-shell cat lying underneath the range, a litter of young Yorkshire pigs underneath the cream separator, a six-month's baby underneath the sink, and an unclassified tarantula underneath the almanac. The farmer and his family have just seated themselves at the long table for a light refection of pancakes and maple syrup, cold pork, fried potatoes, sliced cucumbers, green onions, pickles, horse-radish, mustard, sponge-cake and huckleberry jam.

ELMER (tucking his napkin into the open collar of his shirt: Ah-h!

JEMIMA (helping herself to pancakes): I believe John William's coming down with measles. He's been that cranky all day.

ELMER: Ah, I knew he would.

LITTLE JOHN WILLIAM: Ma, I want some pie.

JEMIMA: You can't have any.—Did the Vet's bottle help the grey mare that had the colic?

ELMER: She seems some better, but you can't tell with colic.

LITTLE MARY ELLEN: Pa, I want a dollar for my music lesson.

JEMIMA: How's the clover turning out in the field you're cutting?

ELMER (speaking with difficulty and a full mouth): Oh, fair, but I'm afeared it'll rain before we get it up.

(Their conversational duties thus looked after, husband and wife give their attention to the cakes and syrup, while the young folks start a fight with the dog underneath the table.)

JEMIMA (after a pause): Oh, Elmer, I nearly forgot to tell you. The bank called up about that binder note. You'd better give them a ring.

ELMER (morosely): Ah, I thought it 'ud come due sometime. (Goes to the telephone, takes down the receiver and hangs his chin dejectedly on the chin-rest) Hello! Is the line busy?

TELEPHONE: . . So I ses to Mrs. Gallagher, I ses, if that was my child. . . .

ELMER: (disgustedly): Old blatherskites! (Hangs up receiver, returns to his place and eats pancakes for ten minutes by the clock, then returns the the fray.) Is the line busy?

TELEPHONE: . . . That's just what I told Mrs. Gallagher at the time. I ses. . . .

ELMER: Thunderation!

JEMIMA: Hadn't you better take your tea while things is hot?

(Elmer returns to the table and starts in on the pork and potatoes. In the course of twenty minutes or so the conversationalists ring off—and Elmer makes a leap for the wall. He moves fast, but someone has evidently moved just a little bit faster. A long and a short ring, and by the time he gets the receiver down fresh girlish voices are being bandied back and forth along the wire at the inconceivable speed of 186,000 miles per second).

ELMER (desperately): Is the line busy?

TELEPHONE: Are you going to the dance Friday night?

ELMER: (banging the receiver back on its hook): Confusion!

(By this time Elmer is pretty mad — especially since it's getting more like rain every minute and he should be back in his hayfield — but for the sake of his family and his Christian name in the community he holds himself in. After the meal is quite over he again approaches the loathsome instrument.)

ELMER: Is the line busy?

TELEPHONE: . . . I think beige trimming would be lovely. Now *I'm* going to . . .

(Mrs. Hodge takes the children out of the room with the remark that she won't *have* them listen to such language. At this juncture the dear girls ring off and Hodge collars the telephone. After a few feverish minutes spent in waking up Central and giving his number, he hears the click of the first receiver coming down—and from the continued wailing of a baby's voice over the wire he knows that he has a listener in.)

TELEPHONE: Hello!

(Click! Another member joins the circle.)

ELMER: Hello! Is that Mr. Brown?

(Click! Click! Click! Three more receivers down.)

TELEPHONE (faintly above the chorus of happy children's voices, rattling tea dishes and radio programmes): Yes. Who's speaking?

(An intermittent rattle, like the firing of an eccentric machine gun, announces the arrival of the rest of the party.)

ELMER: It's Elmer Hodge. But just a minute. If you'll hang up I'll try to get Central to clear this line. There's too much competition.

(The banker hangs up—but before Elmer can get Central, someone else has rung in on him.)

ELMER (Savagely): Look here! I'm using this 'phone.

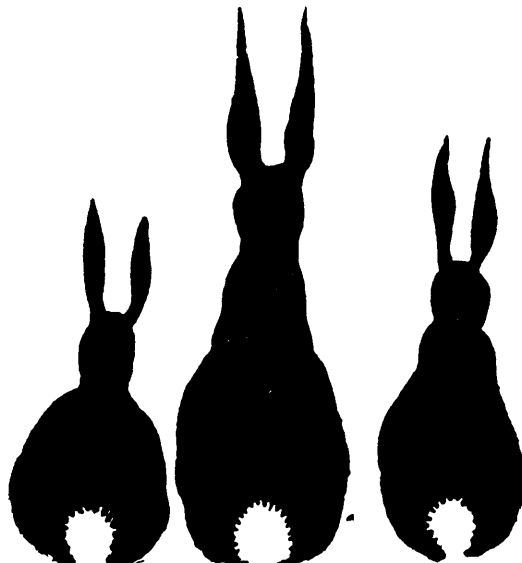
TELEPHONE (unconcernedly): . . . And did she suffer much at the end?

ELMER: !!!? x ! % ## !!

(Rain begins to fall on the newly cut clover behind the barn. Little John William breaks out in a rash. The grey mare can be seen through the window throwing herself about in the throes of colic. Elmer, finally driven to distraction, grasps the telephone fore and aft and, with a mighty heave, pulls it out by the roots and tosses it through the open window, killing one of his prize roosters. Outside the rain continues to fall.)

(Curtain.)

NORRIS HODGINS.



Folk High Schools in Denmark

IN reviewing progressive education in Denmark we are at once impressed by the power of individual effort. Bishop N. F. S. Grundtvig (1783-1872), pastor, poet, historian, and educational reformer, is an outstanding example of the influence which one man can wield. After Denmark's struggle with Russia, Grundtvig saw that her one chance of recovery lay in the awakening and unification of her people, and this could be accomplished only through education. The idea of this education came not from the mind of a college professor; it was conceived in that of a prophet, a spiritual genius who understood the life and mind of his people throughout the ages, and who thereby had the vision of the especial enlightenment that was needed to promote the well-being of his people.

The Danish Folk High Schools embodied Grundtvig's idea and brought new life to Denmark. They are boarding schools for adults, and aim at revealing the spiritual significance of everyday life and the poetry of human endeavour. They train pupils to educate themselves. There are no examinations, no certificates, the only reward being the enrichment of life itself. Song and the 'living word,' are the fundamental methods by which the soul of the pupils is awakened. These schools are attended by young people from 17 to 30 years of age. They pay a small fee, but the schools, although privately owned, receive subsidies and scholarships from the State—this however, does not interfere in any way with their internal affairs.

The daily programme at one of these schools is about as follows: After a leisurely breakfast, the first lecture period comes, probably at nine o'clock. The lecture begins with singing and ends with singing — from some of the fine old lyrics and ballads of the Danish past. All the students attend the lecture. Then there may be an hour's intermission, during which the student attends to various duties or takes part in some recreational event. At eleven there is perhaps another lecture, by a different teacher; and at some hour in the afternoon there is a third by a still different teacher.

All the rest of the time belongs to the students. They take the better part of an hour for lunch in the common dining hall with the teachers and their families, and there is much fun, much vivid conversation, much laughter, the distribution of mail from home, and maybe some casual announcements of plans for the afternoon. Then, during the free hours of the afternoon and evening, the students go about their own affairs; they read, for there are many books in the school library, and there is no restriction upon their use; they spend long hours talking in groups, or thinking singly, over the materials for the day's lectures; and they seek out, as often as possible, the lecturers themselves for long discussions. There are no formal "studies," but nowhere are there students who

do so much studying. There are no assignments of lessons, but nowhere are there students who work so hard at their own tasks.

The lecturers talk, in most of these schools, about certain great interests. One of the lecturers is always a student of the great past of Denmark. He knows the nation's history, its folk lore, its folk poetry, its folk music, its mythology—all its rich and storied culture of the past and present. And he helps the students to understand and appreciate all that wonderful past of legend and song and fact, so that they, too, will become interested and intelligent citizens. Another of the lecturers is, perhaps, a student of the history of the world, and he spends many hours helping the students to understand the long story of man upon earth from the earliest dawn of primitive civilization down to the present. Of course, he does not go much into details; but with his dramatic imagination he portrays the rise of nations, their interplays, their defeats, the coming on of new peoples and new nations and the gradual emergence of the modern world, within which, Denmark, of course, plays its own part.

Another lecturer is probably a student of the Sciences; he knows the meaning of the scientific spirit and distinguishes between Science and Tradition. He can help these young people to catch the difference between living by intelligence, on the one hand, and living by mere tradition, on the other; and he helps them to find out, bit by bit, where they stand, and where they will stand in the future; whether on the side of science and intelligence, or on the side of mere tradition and intolerance. And, finally, a fourth lecturer may be a student of community life, he may know problems of the Danish farm and village community; he may understand the principles of co-operation, and of community organization; and he may help the students to grasp the difference between individual competition and community co-operation, until they come to understand how Denmark has grown prosperous and great through the practice of an intelligent community co-operation.

And through these lecture discussions the students listen and consider; criticise and deliberate; they ask questions; they think long and vigorously about these matters; they talk them over endlessly. Thus, through the weeks and months spent in these schools, under the stimulus of real teachers, they make up their minds about many things.

The Folk High School well deserves our interest. Denmark has made enormous progress in the last seventy-five years, transforming her rural village life from the patterns of the feudal past, and even of the still more distant Neolithic age, into the forms of a modern, scientifically intelligent, industrious and prosperous civilization. When one asks a Dane for an explanation of all these developments, the most universal reply is 'Fundamentally it is the work of the Folk High Schools!'

PAT GILDEA.

I Ski



NE of the most deplorable developments I have noticed recently at Mac is that our main form of exercise and sport seems to have taken a tendency to becoming a means of destroying nature, of tearing down trees, breaking young saplings off at the root, and generally spoiling all that would one day be beautiful. I am not referring to decorating for the 'formal', I allude



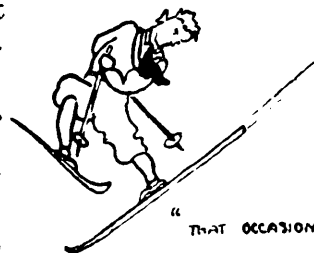
"WITH NO SMALL PAIN NATURE WITHSTANDS
THE ADVANCE OF CIVILISATION"

to the barbarous ravages of our young skiers on nature's most cherished beauties in the woods. There is a heroism in nature's struggle with humanity. Any healthy minded individual reverences trees. What are they but the outposts of nature in his struggle with civilisation? And it is with no small pain that nature withstands the advance of man. They are not placed there as annoyances or inconveniences to man; and should one get

scratched as one glides beneath the overhanging boughs it is useless to lose one's temper and turn and scratch them back. They got there first, and have more right there: therefore they should be spared.

Now such obstacles as trees and rocks should not necessitate a change of hill slope. Of course it is advisable for the absolute novice to restrict himself to the wide open spaces that slope a bit, but once he is past the tyro stage it is easy enough for him to learn to turn if he but follows the instructions I give him, and, having mastered that art, what can he find more exhilarating than gliding this way and that, successfully navigating a passage between the scattered trees in more open woods? Confidence in one's ability is essential — but it is undesirable to attempt any too sweeping improvements on local conditions. Faith will move mountains, but does so at her leisure and without any co-operation. To Christie is usually less disastrous than to crash.

There are three good ways of turning on skis. The most common is the Telemark. This turn appears intricate to the eye of the novice, but calls to the practised skier for no more concentration than some of the sudden brilliant displays of delicacy of balance with

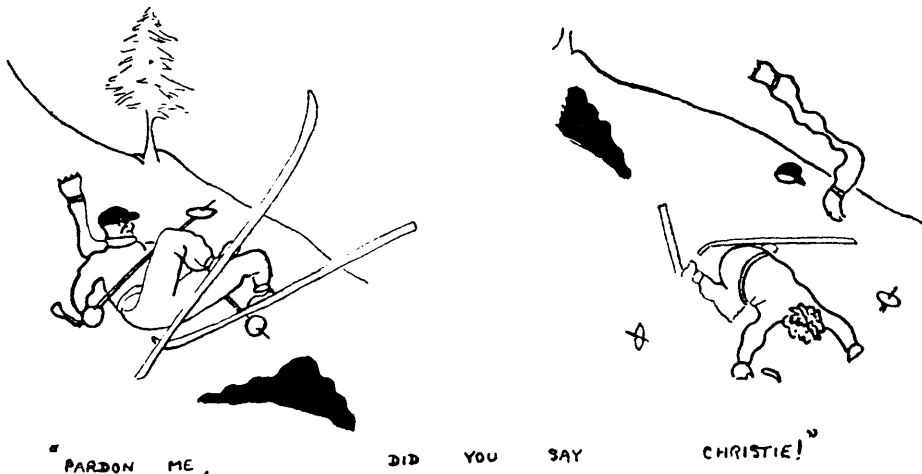


"THAT OCCASIONAL BRILLIANT
DELICACY OF BALANCE THE
BEGINNER SHOWS"

W

which such novices often delight the expert. In effect, all one has to do is to put one ski in front of the other, and your trust in Heaven. Perhaps an easier turn for the beginner is the Christie. This one is really simple, the skis just being swung around with the weight of the body. The only difficulty you will find is to keep your balance and your heart out of your mouth. This turn often develops into the third and easiest turn of all three, even with experienced skiers. It is called the Overan Over. This method of turning is soon picked up and adopted by the novice mainly for stopping. It is a very natural motion and needs no explanation here. Its main advantages are that it can be performed at any speed, it can be very spectacular, and it calls for little concentration or effort for its successful performance.

With these few pointers to guide, then, there should be no cause for further slaughter of young life in the woods. Take your skis and get out in the woods, fill your lungs with fresh air and snow, drink your fill, and try again. So long as you attempted to avoid it, the tree will not mind. You will have done your best. More than that no one can ask. Something attempted, something done will earn a night's repose!
—D.H.



The Formal

*Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again
And all went merry as a marriage bell.*

Our representative to the second Formal was so overcome by the excellence of the decorations that he was quite unable to tell us anything about the dance as a dance; but subsequent enquiries indicate that everyone had a very jolly time.

The Indian *motif* was treated with effective simplicity, and Mr. Healy and his committee are to be congratulated on making good use of the abundance of artistic talent there is in the residences.

What a pity it is that about half of the students have no idea what they miss by not going to the Formals!

“Memories”

WITH the roar of the Corrievreken whirlpool in the hazy distance the old French pilot-cutter, lying securely moored in the last lock of the canal, was being prepared for the final stage of her trip to “The Winged Isle” — “The Misty Isle” — The Isle of Skye.

It was a beautiful June morning and the sun was lifting the veil of mist off the tumbling, swirling waters of the Doris Mohr, which were piling up against the gate of the sea-lock as the tide rose.

The Hebrides showed up like dim purple cones in the distance. The cloud wreathes round their peaks giving the appearance of volcanoes in eruption.

Close in-shore the clear blue water was spangled with silver as the shoals of small herring gambolled in the security of the shallow water, while further out, in the deeper water, numerous hungry mackerel flashed and glinted with a silvery-blue sheen as they turned and twisted in pursuit of some unwary smaller fish.

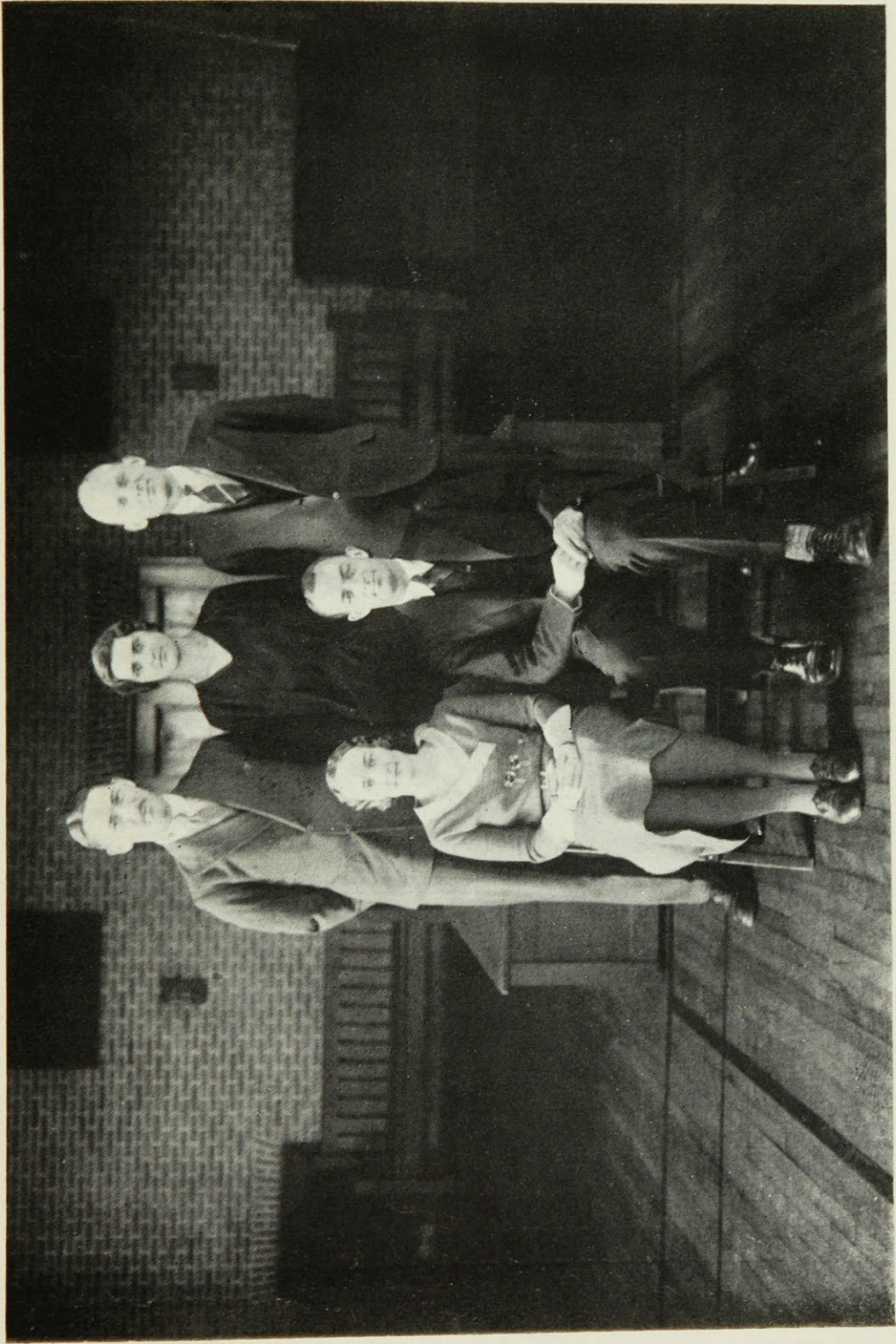
On the quay-side the lock-keeper was sitting on a stool with his head buried in the flank of a ruminating red cow, while he patiently extracted milk for the family breakfast. Meanwhile his little barefooted son, with shouts of glee, pulled up numerous hard-fighting fish from the seething water by the canal entrance and transferred them to the pot of boiling water which the “good-wife” had in readiness within the moss-covered, thatched cottage.

With appetites, acquired by a long swim in the clean Atlantic water, and enhanced by a short stroll along the coast with the scent of sprouting heather borne on the breeze, and the cries of the diving gulls, as they secured their breakfast, coming to the ears, the crew of the old ship made short work of the breakfast of oatmeal porridge, fresh milk, home-made buttermilk scones and newly-caught mackerel, which was set before them.

While “Cookie,” ably assisted by “Nipper,” the cabin boy, cleared away the remains, the rest of the crew cleared the decks for action. Lines were then slacked off, as the vessel subsided with the water, and were finally cast off as the lock gates swung open.

Propelled by a fussy little auxiliary the good ship cleared the canal and, with a final wave from the man and boy on shore, met the first surge of incoming waters.

The wind was North-Easterly and a fine sailing breeze at that, so the large white mainsail, the jib, the staysail and finally the jack-yard-topsail were hoisted with much straining and heaving; and, heeling gently over, the cutter skimmed over the water like a “bird on the wing.” The helmsman, with an eye on the burgee, edged the boat to windward or ran her away to ensure steerage-way as a vicious whirlpool tried to spin her round. The waters boiled and seethed in a riot of fiendish ecstasy and the large Solan Geese, with black-tipped wings, and the smaller diving birds joined in the chorus



THE MAGAZINE BOARD

as they reaped the harvest of the seas from the foaming jabble below them.

Gradually the yacht left behind the worst of the tide-rip and, with the wind freshening, the face of the sea clearing of its misty veil, and the sun shining from a clear blue sky, made the best of progress towards her distant haven.

An old ruined castle appeared on the starboard bow. It was square and massive with ivy clinging to the walls on the landward side. Visible from it was another grim guardian of the coast; and further on, according to custom, a third was within sight of the second and so on. In ancient times these old keeps formed a very effective telegraph system. If war was declared the first castle to hear the news kindled its beacon, the castle within sight of it did likewise, thus passing the "glad" news on to the third and the third responded by informing the fourth and so on. No time was wasted and runners bearing the "fiery torch" were not required in this warlike West Country.

Macdonald of the Isles surging forward at the head of his war galleys must have lit many a beacon in his time and probably many a castle too as some of the older fortresses could testify.

The morning advanced, the wind dropped to a light air and the crew, lounging about the deck in white flannels basking in the sun, began to feel warm. Someone suggested a swim and, as the boat was then in smooth water, bathing suits were donned and a lively game of "follow the leader" ensued. The leader dived off the bow and rose in time to grip the bobstay as the forefoot of the boat loomed above him. He scrambled up onto the bowsprit and from there to the warm deck just as another seal-like head bobbed up behind him. After this a large tray containing sandwiches, ship's biscuits (good hard tack, according to the skipper) and some inviting black bottles loomed up in the hatchway and was pounced upon with a shout. After this there was silence for a time, broken only by an occasional "pop", gurgling sounds, or a grunt.

Following burial at sea of the dead men (bottles) an afternoon siesta seemed to be indicated and so more contented silence ensued.

Towards evening various self-appointed lookouts scrambled up the ratlines to the cross-trees, forty feet above the deck, and surveyed the horizon where Skye and the tops of the mist clad Cuillins could just be seen.

The tide was bearing the tall ship along at a pretty pace and soon bore her safely through the swift tide-race of Kyle Rhea and on to Kyleakin.

The sun was setting, dipping into the sea like a large red banner and tracing out a path of blood on the waters. One's thoughts leapt back two or three centuries and pictures rose to the mind of clanging fights as yelling hordes of clansmen scaled the walls of some old castle in the glare of flaming reed-thatched roofs. One thought of Dunvegan Castle, the stronghold of the Mc-

Leods, which stands perched on a rock, like an eagle by its eyre frowning at the sea below.

Here the chief of the clan still dwells amidst wonderful relics of the past; amongst which is an enormous drinking horn which the young chief, on coming of age, must empty at one draught in order to prove his right to the title.

Hanging on one of the walls is a long, thin coil of horsehair rope which once belonged to a member of St. Kilda Island (evacuated last summer). Such a rope represents the most treasured possession of an inhabitant of this outermost island of the Hebrides. With it he scaled the crags around the coast in quest of sea bird's eggs. It was his truest and most faithful friend, thin, not much to look at, but strong and reliable.

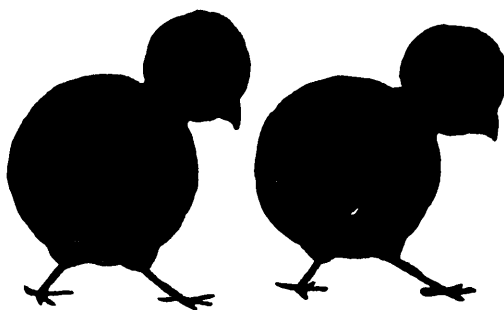
In a cabinet rests "The Fairy Banner" given to a former chieftian as reward for some service rendered to "the little folk." This banner could be waved thrice in time of great distress. It was waved once when the wild Macdonald men nearly took the castle, and they fled. It was waved a second time to dispel a plague and the plague "went." The third time has not come yet but it will be the last as the beautiful and delicately woven fabric will vanish (as predicted) in a puff of smoke so old is it at the present time.

The rumble of the anchor chain, the lowering and stowing of all sails and a call to supper broke this reverie and down below we went.

Dusk dropped softly and gave place to the dark shades of night. Pipes were lit; yarns were exchanged and finally, after some yawning and stretching, hammocks were slung, bunks let down and the crew retired for the night.

Lying half-asleep in the cabin one heard the soft lapping of the water against the sides, the soothing voice of the wind in the rigging, the creak of a block as the boat rose and dipped on the slight swell, coming from the open sea, and last of all the shrill argument of two cormorants on a distant rock; and then sound sleep. Such is yachting on the West coast of Scotland.

—ARISTIDE.



"—while the priest waved the censor and the small grey church was filled with scented incense."

—from an essay.

Such treatment would be liable to incense any censor, we imagine.

A Chemical Analysis

By *'The Sceptical Chymist'*

THERE was once a Chemist who was also a Philosopher, for he had a Degree to prove it. And he made it his Mission in Life to direct the Thoughts of Aspirants to Chemical Ability along the Proper Channels. From a few General Principles and an isolated Fact he could draw the most marvellous Conclusions; and would enunciate Laws which, on a second Consideration, would stagger even himself. For he was a truly remarkable Man, and never at a Loss for an Explanation.

And it so happened that on a certain Day he was closeted alone with his favourite Aspirant, a Youth possessed of a Vivid Imagination and Implicit Faith in his Master; diligent withal and one who would undoubtedly have become a Philosopher. But he died, and was spared. The Closet contained Everything necessary for the Exposition of the Science—Vials, Curcubites, Alembics, Bunsens and Enthusiasm; and from them the Philosopher made a Selection, and Proceeded with the Instruction for the Day.

"Do you," he said, "mix these." And he handed the Aspirant two Vials containing colourless Liquids.

The Aspirant mixed them.

"You notice," said the Philosopher, "a resulting bright Red Colouration."

"I do," said the Aspirant as a livid Green shone forth.

"Good!" replied the Philosopher, "A ready Perception is a distinct Aid. Do you now mix these."

The Aspirant did so.

"Do you taste the Product: you will be conscious of an extremely acid Flavour."

"I am," said the Aspirant as he was reminded of Distilled Water.

"Excellent!" replied the Philosopher, "A nice Discrimination is a commendable Feature," and handed him two more Vials. "A tasteless Product will result from these."

"That is so," said the Aspirant as he applied some to his tongue that the Top of his Head was blown off.

"Good!" replied the Philosopher. "Precise Distinction is a Chemical Necessity. In the next Mixture the Blue Product will have no Smell."

The Aspirant noted with equanimity the Formation of an Orange Colour, and, on applying his Nose to complete the Test found his Eyes obscured by Tears, his Olfactory Sense Organs were dissolved away and his Proboscis began to disintegrate.

"That is so," he said.

"Perfect!" replied the Philosopher. "A Subtle Differentiation is a Scientific Sunbeam. Do you now take this Vial and heat it. A flame held in the Fumes will be extinguished."

The Aspirant took the Vial and, after heating it for some moments, applied a Flame to it's Mouth. A violent Explosion shook the Closet and the Walls were spattered with Blood.

"Even as you said," gasped the Aspirant as he fell, a twisted, broken mass to the Floor.

"Wonderful!" replied the Philosopher. "A Delicate Diagnosis is of Primary Importance. The last Experiment I shall do myself."

He took a Vial and placed a small Piece of Zinc therein. Then he added some dilute Sulphuric Acid. A Gas was given off and he tested it with a Flame. It gave a satisfying "Wo-o-o-f! For a Moment he looked puzzled, but soon a broad Smile played over his Face, and he knelt by the blood-gushing Form of the Aspirant.

"Life is short," he said. "Man is not Perfect, and it is the Exceptions that prove the Rule. The Fundamentals of Chemistry are Sound. Any Questions?"

There were none.

The Class is dismissed," he concluded redundantly, for the Aspirant had already dismissed himself.

* * *

It Is Interesting to Know

(from examination papers)

That the lungs have several yards of tubing.

That platelets serve as a covering for the blood, or that they (alternatively) clog the blood.

That the purpose of the Digestive System is to keep the stomach muscles in condition.

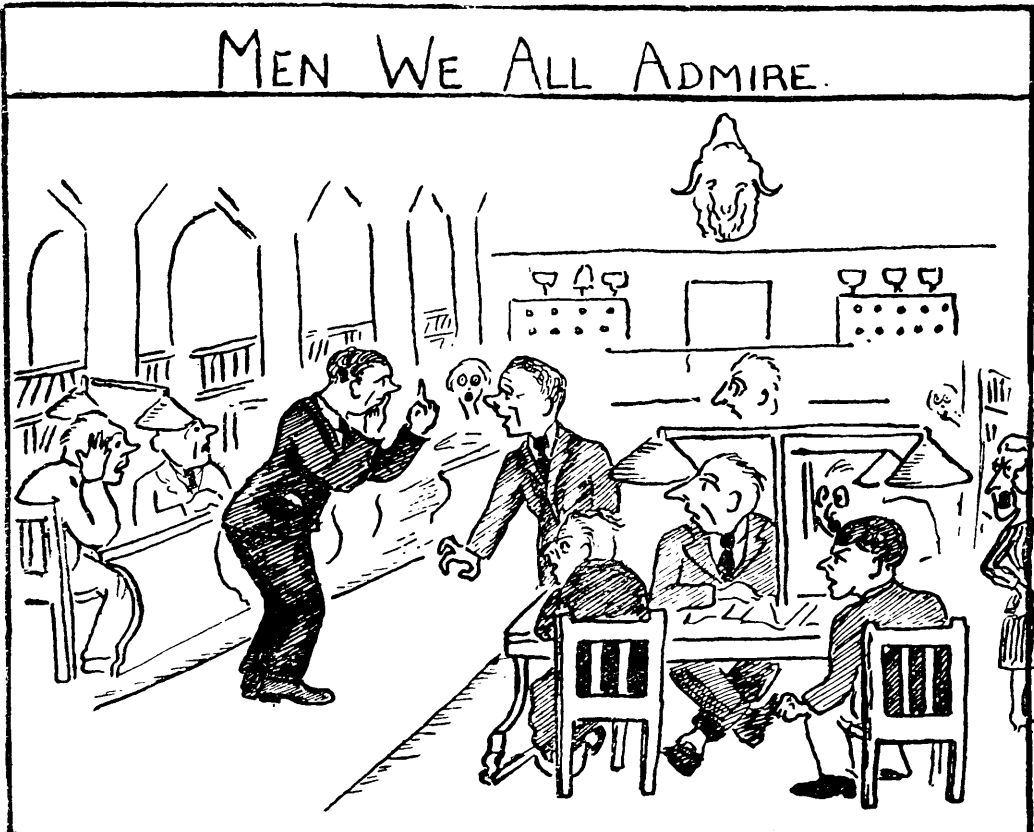
That one should wear loose clothing to allow the amoeba lots of air.

That the blood furnishes secretaries.

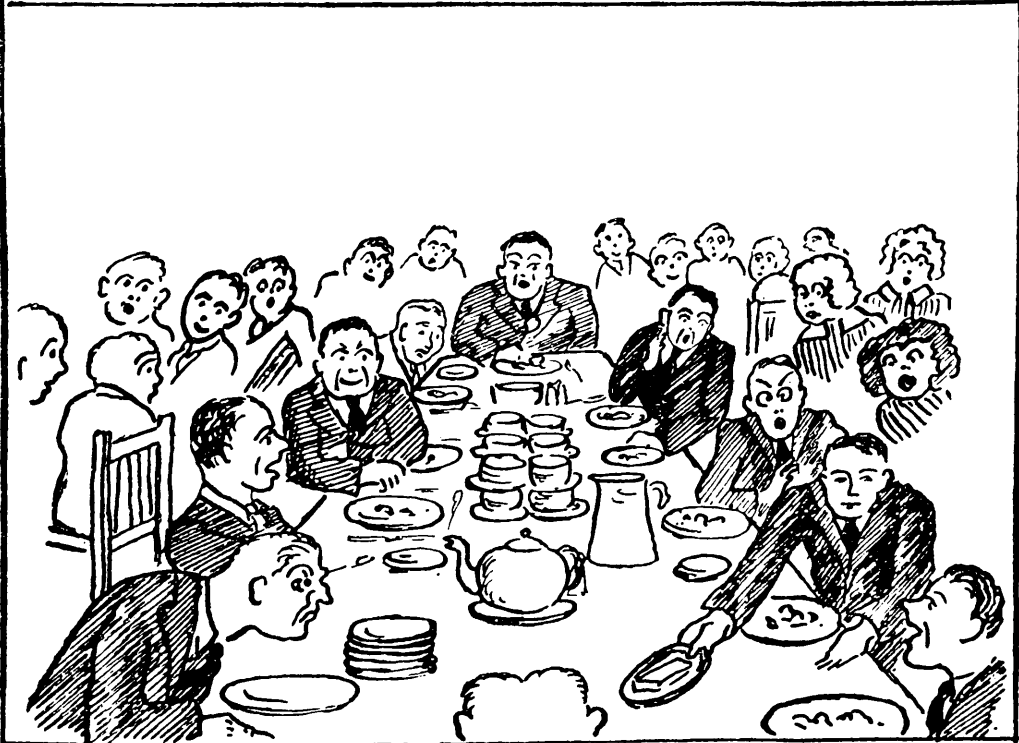
That we have an 'excitatory' and a 'discretory' system.

That the feminine of 'adult' is 'adulteress'.

That a watt is an electrical current sent through a wire with a resistance equal to volt, and the assistance equal to an ampere. In other words, a watt is equal to the pull of one ampere and the push in the opposite direction of one volt.



THE MAN WHO TOLD THE LIBRARIAN TO STOP TALKING



THE MAN WHO PASSED THE BUTTERDISH IN.
THE DINING ROOM.

Osmosis

"MY goodness, Wiffletree what's wrong? I don't think I ever remember seeing you look so unwell. Come in, my dear boy, and sit down."

Dr. Macumber moved forward the straight-backed chair he reserved for visitors with more than his usual affability. And indeed the aspect of his young assistant gave him good cause for alarm. The young man's cheeks, that usually glowed with the shiny flush of health — his complexion was undoubtedly florid — were now pallid and quivering. He seemed to be, indeed, in a state of the utmost excitement. His speech, normally calm and considered, now flowed and bubbled in incoherent stutterings. With his crumpled handkerchief he wiped the perspiration from his prematurely bald head.

Dr. Macumber was alarmed.

"Sit down, my dear Wiffletree," he cried.

The afflicted young man sank on to the chair and renewed his attacks on the springing fount of his crown, looking around him the while as if to seek help from the loaded book-shelves and specimen cabinets that lined the walls of the office.

"What is troubling you, Wiffletree?" enquired his chief, "have the specimens of leaf-mould been attacked by mice, or is it the jelly culture. It's not the jelly culture, is it?" he asked in sudden alarm.

"No, no," ejaculated his assistant, "no, no, no, *not* the leaf-mould *or* the jelly culture."

Dr. Macumber sighed, his equanimity once more restored.

"But," said he, "if it is neither the leaf-mould *nor* the jelly culture, what is troubling you, Wiffletree? Tell me." And he beamed kindly on the young man.

"My aunt."

"Pardon," said the doctor. He crossed his knees and pressed his finger tips together. His attention — and with it the ponderous mind with which he could stir the botanical world to its depths — was now concentrated on the matter in hand.

"My aunt," stammered Wiffletree, involuntarily wringing the corner of the laboratory coat he was wearing, as if it had been a wet rag, "my aunt."

"Come, come," said his chief. With admirable restraint he held back the remonstrance that rose to his lips at the use by the young man of idle expletives, reminding himself that his assistant was still working for his D.Sc. degree and had barely passed his thirtieth year.

"Come, come, my dear Wiffletree, what is the trouble?" said the doctor, "because I can clearly see that something serious must have transpired."

"Oh, Dr. Macumber," began the other, but was again convulsed with grief. "My aunt."

"But what is it?" enquired Macumber, and perhaps, this time, he did permit some testiness to enter his tone.

Young Wiffletree passed his handkerchief across his bald head and swallowed his emotion as best he could.

"It's my aunt," he ejaculated.

The doctor sighed and uncrossed his legs. He was a kindly man and prided himself on the consideration he showed to his subordinates, but when the matter was carried as far as the aunts of his subordinates. . . .

"I'm sorry for you, Wiffletree," he said, "and I'm sure you understand fully that I try to take a real interest in the men with whom I work, but I am afraid, I am really afraid, Wiffletree, that it is not my place to advise you in matters pertaining to your aunt."

Having said these words Dr. Macumber produced his eyeglasses from the breast pocket of his jacket, placed them upon his nose, drew his swivel chair three inches nearer the desk and prepared to devote his attention to the current copy of the 'European Botanist' which lay open before him. He was therefore justifiably astonished to be disturbed once more by his assistant's voice.

"But, but, but," remarked Wiffletree, half rising from the chair in his excitement, "it's about the osmosis."

"The osmosis?" ejaculated Macumber. "A moment ago you were talking about your aunt. What has osmosis to do with your aunt, Wiffletree?"

"Everything," cried the unhappy man, bursting into tears, "everything." He felt in his pocket for a second handkerchief with which to wipe his eyes. Not finding one, he was forced to staunch his grief by sniffing.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, now thoroughly upset, both by his companion's dolour and the sniffing which he detested, "my dear boy, do you really mean osmosis?"

"Yes, osmosis," said Wiffletree, his voice choked with sobs which were rapidly becoming uncontrolled double-sniffs.

"But you surely know that osmosis is the power possessed by plant cells and other structures of transferring material through a semi-permeable membrane," — the elder man perceived that his words were beginning to exert a soothing effect. He continued — "from a higher to a lower concentration of those substances in the solutions. Thus we find that the delicate cells in the tips of the plant roots absorb moisture by osmotic action."

Almost unconsciously the doctor slipped his spectacles off his nose and, holding them in his left hand, gently emphasised his remarks by striking the fingers of his right hand lightly with them.

"In the root cells," said he firmly, "the sugar solution has a concentration in water of point nought-three-four per cent, whereas in the surrounding soil solution the concentration is only point nought-nought-seven. Thus we find that water tends to be drawn,

by this same osmotic force, *out* of the soil solution *into* the root cells, because—”

Mr. Wiffletree, although doing his best to restrain himself, gave vent, at this point, to two volcanic sniffs, but the doctor inexorably continued his peroration.

“ — because,” said Dr. Macumber emphatically, “although the concentration of the dissolved matter is *higher* in the cell sap than it is in the soil water, the concentration of *water* is lower and, by the laws of osmosis, liquids tend to pass through semi-permeable membranes from a higher to a lower concentration. Thus we find,” said Dr. Macumber, tapping his spectacles against his thumb with especial emphasis, “thus we find, where these conditions exist, that the plant cells are distended, but on the other hand it can be shown, as you yourself have demonstrated so ably, my dear Wiffletree. . . .”

The suffering young man became scarlet and sniffed as though his heart were breaking.

“ . . . that if the conditions are reversed and the plant tissue is surrounded by certain solutions of *high* concentration that water will pass out of the tissues and the cells in consequence will collapse. You, my dear Wiffletree — no, no, don’t interrupt me, pray — you, my dear Wiffletree, by sincere application and honest research carried out, I am glad to say, under my especial surveillance, have done excellently in this province and cannot, I am sure, have anything with which to reproach yourself. We will overlook, my boy, the little matter of the first batch of jelly culture. That is forgotten. I am glad you came to see me, Wiffletree, very glad, but just now, I’m afraid. . . .

“But Dr. Macumber,” cried the tortured man, “you must help me, you must save me. My aunt was going to establish me in a laboratory of my own, she was going to leave all her money to me. My aunt, my aunt . . . but now!”

The unfortunate Wiffletree made motions as if to tear his hair — had he had any.

“My dear sir,” said the doctor, “what on earth have I to do with your aunt?”

“It’s my osmosis liquid, sir, that causes the plant cells to collapse.”

“Well.”

“Well you see, sir . . . Oh! It’s horrible!”

“Go on, go on.”

“You see sir, I mentioned the action of the solution to my aunt.”

“Yes.”

“How the plant cells shrink.”

“Yes, yes, of course.”

“And she wanted to try it.”

“She *what*?”

“She wanted to try it on herself.”

“But, good gracious, Wiffletree, didn’t you tell her that the solution was for *plant* cells, not animal matter?”



B. H. S. '34.

"I did sir, Dr. Macumber, but see my aunt, sir, is somewhat . . . er . . . very . . . er . . . rather . . . stout, and she was determined to try it, to reduce the . . . er . . . cells, you see."

"Well."

"So I took a little of the solution away with me."

"That wasn't quite right, you know, Wiffletree, was it?" asked the doctor gently.

"It was not, Dr. Macumber and I've had my punishment," said Wiffletree piously. "Oh what am I going to do?"

The doctor was not as a general rule given to curiosity, but on this occasion he could not forbear to ask a question.

"And may I ask," said he, "partly from a scientific standpoint of course, what happened to your aunt's . . . er . . . cells?"

The wretched nephew made an indescribable gesture of desolation.

"They shrivelled," he groaned.

"And your aunt?" enquired the savant delicately.

"She collapsed," cried the unfortunate young man.

"You mean to say. . . ?" the doctor leaned forward, his ears pricked up with interest.

"The moisture in the cells was withdrawn, sir," explained Wiffletree, "the cell walls crumpled and . . . er . . . I understand that my aunt was . . . er . . . considerably reduced. Wretch that I am," he cried, clasping his skull in both hands, "she'll disinherit me."

But Dr. Macumber was following the train of thought entirely from a botanical standpoint.

"May I ask, Wiffletree," he enquired, "how your relative applied the liquid to her person. Did you *see* it done?"

"I, Dr. Macumber, no *indeed*! My aunt used the liquid in her bath."

"In that case," said the doctor thoughtfully, "the cytoplasm of the lady's structure will merely have been incorporated into the bath solution and if she desires, as I rather gather from your attitude that she does, to restore the distention to her person. . . ."

"Yes, yes?" queried the anxious Wiffletree.

"The obvious way to accomplish this would be . . . let me see."

"Can we do it? Oh, pray, pray." The excited young man was shredding his soiled handkerchief in his mental perturbation.

"Yes," said the botanist, "all that is necessary is to precipitate your solution with a suitable reagent and for the lady to lie in her bath and allow her cells to reabsorb their sap, as one might say. Of course the original water would have to be used . . . Why, my boy, what is the matter?"

"Fool, fool, idiot that I am," shouted Wiffletree, "I am undone, my poor benefactress will be a walking skeleton for ever. No one else dared go near and so, with my own hand, I pulled up the plug that let half my aunt slip away and ruined my chances of happiness for life!"

MAGNUS PYKE.

A Simple Lecture in Economics

ONCE upon a time there was a certain very efficient business man who died. When he had finished dying his shareholders gave him a public funeral and, like all other very efficient business men, he descended into the "Nethermost Regions." There he began to look about him for a means to cross the Styx which, as everyone knows, is the great river which divides all living business men from the dead ones. After a while Charon appeared ferrying his boat and said "Where is your Dime?"

To which the very efficient business man replied "I haven't got one" "Very well" said Charon "Here you stay till you find one" and he began to ferry away again.

"Hold on a minute" said the very efficient business man, "I have here the first issue of some bonds of a new company I'm floating. I'll give you one to take me across."

"Done!" said Charon,—and he was.

However, when the business man reached the other side he was taken before 'Pluto' who detailed him off for stoker duty at boiler number seven hundred and sixty two. Here he worked for a month until the Great Inspiration came to him.

One day as Pluto was passing him he said "Hallo Boss"—they all called him Boss down there—"I've got a plan, Boss, if you were to put in automatic oil-feed burners you would double the effect for the same amount of labour, and you know 'Henry Clays' saying." "What's that?" said Pluto.

"You should go on increasing production per boiler just as long as you do not decrease your product per stoker" said the business man.

"That's true said Pluto, but where am I to get these new boilers from?"

"Well" said the very efficient, business man, 'I can buy them through trade circles, you know.'

So Pluto gave the business man a 'carte blanche' to buy a thousand, which were installed and were very efficient. After this the business man waxed fat in Hades and prospered. He rose from stoker to foreman and then to superintendent until he was at length elected a director. At last he became so powerful that he was able to go to Pluto and say "What-ho-Pluto"—for he'd given up calling him 'Boss' a long time ago—"Look here Pluto, your total profits here are six million calories aren't they?"

"That's so," said Pluto.

"Well, I'll pay you seven million a year and buy you out," said the business man.

"Pluto hummed and hawed a bit and, after a little thinking, gave in. After all an extra million meant another slice of toast for breakfast if nothing else.

So it ended up then, with the very efficient business man in the position of President in the company of "Hades Inc."

The devil was on his payroll and the moral of this story is:— That if you can pay a man more than he can pay himself, you will eventually buy him out and hire him to do the work for you.

P. J. PASCOE.

* * *

Vesper

Beauty we seek, nor often we fall short
To catch the whisper of the blossom shower;
A blend of colour, light or shade, is caught
To steal the breath with charm that dies the hour
That it is born; the murmur of music light
That sighs unheard in Time and Space; the strings
Of a harp, too separate in the Infinite,
Filling with joy the glad clean heart of things.

What is the worth of learning then, if we
Still seek the very touch our sageness seals,
Though it has stood for all eternity?
And, all the while, what we can see reveals
A breath of beauty, wisdom cannot mar,
In mauve, among the spruce, a single star.

—D. H.

* * *

Take Hede of Maydens

MEN byhove to take hede of maydens: for they ben hote and tendre of complexion; smale, pliaunt and fayre of disposicion of body; shamfast, ferdefull and mery touchynge the affeccion of the mynde. Touchynge outwarde disposicion they be well nurtured, demure and softe of speche and well ware what they say: and delycate in theyr apparell. . . Their hondes and the uttermeste party of their membres ben full subtyll and plyaunt, theyr voyce small, theyr speche easy and shorte, lyght in goynge & shorte steppes, and lyght wit and heed; they ben sone angry, and they ben mercyable and envyous, bytter, gylefull, able to lerne. . . . And for a woman is more meker than a man, she wepeth soner, and is more envyousse, and more laughinge, & lovinge, and the malice of the soule is more in a woman than in a man. And she is of feble kinde, and she makith more lesynges and is more shamefaste, & more slowe in werkyng and in mervynge than is a man, as sayth Aristotle.

John Trevisa, translation of Bartholomew de Glanville's *De Proprietatibus Rerum* (1360).

hote, hot, fresh. *ferdefull*, fearful, timid. *heed*, head. *for*, because. *lesynges*, lies. *mervynge*, moving.

Society Notes

By 'Fleurette'

Lady Dunne-Baddeleigh entertained yesterday at a charmingly arranged surprise party of a novel character. Each guest was told her precise position in the eyes of her hostess. Suitable rejoinder made the presence of the local police and fire force an artistic necessity, and a lively time was had by all.

An effectively directed pig-iron shower was thrown yesterday by the younger set for Miss Ima Lollypop. The bride's Mother, very suitably draped in a corsage of lead piping, received most of the favours. "Society life is just too stunning!" she was heard to say. "One gets such a kick!"

Mrs. Strawberry, (*née* Dingle) was hostess last Wednesday at a delightful *soirée-buvante*. The party was continued well into the night, the younger set being the first to leave. The elders remained until duplication of the candelabra, when snakes and ladders became the vogue. With mutual expressions of goodwill from beneath the table the guests dispersed.

On Tuesday Miss Soulful-Hope gave a recitation of her poems before a distinguished gathering. The audience were dumb with ecstasy and Miss Hope without. The Czecho-Uranian Minister (who unfortunately has no English) rose at the conclusion and addressed the company at some length. The subject of his remarks was said to be "Vivisection in the Urals."

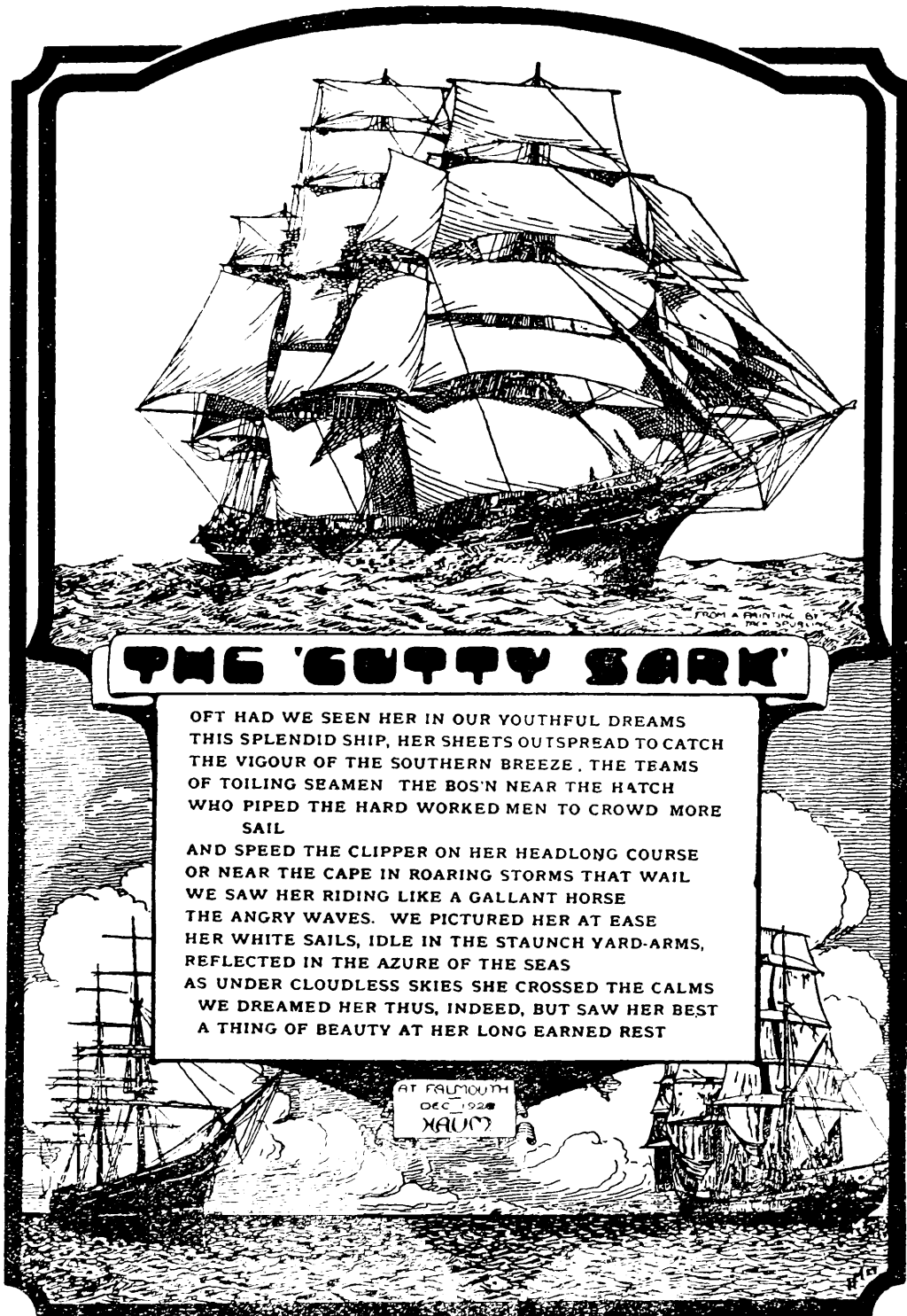
A charming coming out party was staged at the local penitentiary recently. Charles Peace Jr. (*alias* Marmaduke Trevor, *alias* Morgan de Rothschild, *alias* Clara Bow, *alias* Marie Dressler) came suddenly into Society with a rope-ladder and a cross-cut file. A ball (and chain) given by Judge A. Hogge came off most successfully. It is not known what (or who) Mr. Peace intends to do next.

Miss Clarissa Whatnot came out three weeks ago, and Mrs. Whatnot has been trying to keep her in ever since.

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The Green and Gold Revue

This Revue will soon be taking place, and, this year, we are given to understand, it will be run on entirely novel lines. We are unable to give any particulars, but trust that the Student body will give it their full support.



A Page of Typical Student Effort

OLD MCGILL '31

THE EDITOR,

Macdonald College Magazine

Dear Sir,

The McGill Annual for 1930-31 will be through the hands of the publishers shortly and ready for distribution. I would therefore like to take this opportunity of bringing to the notice of Macdonald students and staff some of the 'highlights' of the forthcoming volume.

An attempt has been made by the present Editorial Board of the Annual to deviate from the normal and produce a volume consistent with modern methods of bookmaking. This has been done by adopting extreme simplicity in the design of the book both inside and out, and using straight tints of McGill red throughout, including the end papers. The printing will be done in the Kable Type—a very simple form: the photographs will be in the centre of the page indented on either side with scarlet bands, and the introductory pictures will be in two colours.

The College Life Section has been expanded tremendously and Macdonald will have a large part in this section. It will be essentially humorous, all pictures will have a running commentary by Max Ford, that wily wit of ancient and honourable renown.

E. H. Holgate, one of Canada's outstanding artists and a member of the elite School of Seven will contribute the frontispiece, all signed by his illustrious self (Oh, dear hand!)

Furthermore the great Stephen (you know *him* of course) has consented to brighten the effort with his inexhaustible supply of wit in the shape of a lengthy article.

Fascinating in the extreme will be an architectural prophecy for McGill fifty years hence by P. Nobbs, and Sir Andrew McPhail has also something of interest for us to read.

When you first see the cover design of this book you will be struck by its (may I say) startling elegance which will merely be a prelude to the interest and amusement rampant throughout its pages. It will indeed be as the Golden Treasury—'A source of animation to friends when they meet.'

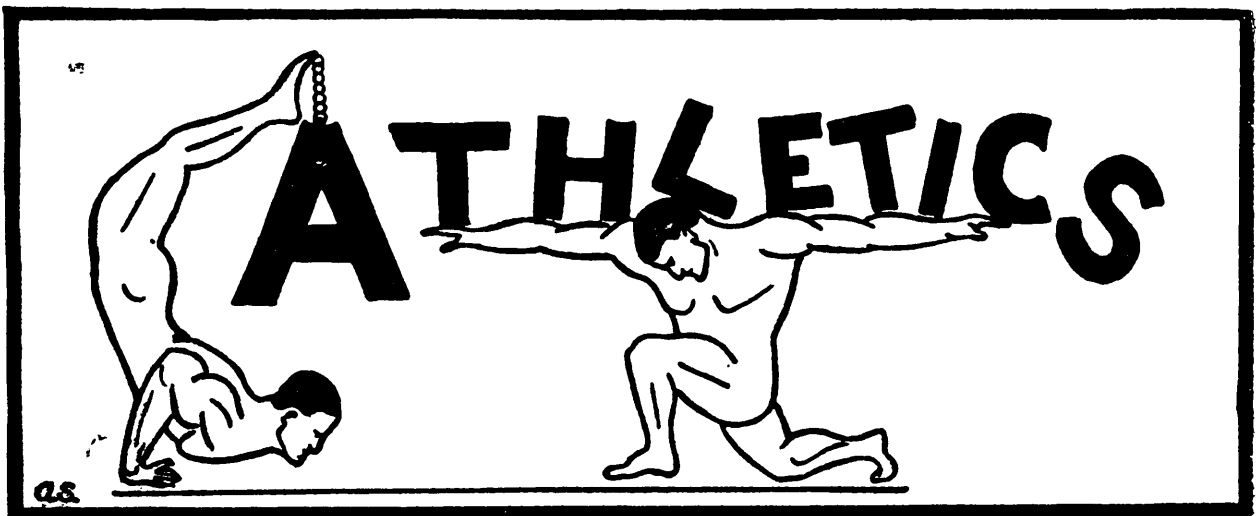
Macdonald, one and all, the opportunity is nigh to support Old McGill '31 and to place on your bookshelf a tangible memory of your university career.

Yours faithfully,

(signed) CHARLES A. EAVES.

Macdonald Representative

Old McGill '31.



Hockey

The season of 1931 has been most successful as far as hockey is concerned. The weather has been perfect, and, on account, of entering the McGill Interclass League we have not only been able to play more games but have excited more interest in the game than has been the case in the past. The interclass league involved eight games in Montreal and, although the league is not yet completed we are tied for first place with every chance of winning. We are much indebted to Mr. Cox for having entered us in the league. The following is a brief summary of the games:—

Mac v. Law

This was a clean, fast, well-fought game as the score 0-0 indicates. The Macdonald team worked well as a whole, Walker being the most outstanding player.

Mac v. Theology.

Although short-handed Macdonald found no trouble in winning this game 1-0. Close checking of the forwards kept the puck in the opposition area most of the time.

Mac. v. Architecture—won by default.

Mac v. Law.

This was the most interesting game of the series and a number of supporters were present to encourage the team. The game was clean and well fought. The Mac. team, being a little faster, had the best of the game although they had to be satisfied with a score of 1-1.

Besides the league games a number of exhibition ones have been played—most of them here at the College.

Mac v. Arts '33

This was the first game of the season, and we were somewhat lacking in practice. However the game was well fought and although the score denotes a 3-1 victory for the visitors, from the spectators point of view the game was evenly played.

Mac v. Oka

This game was played at Oka and was one of the most enjoyable of the season. We arrived there before dinner after a five miles sleigh-ride and received a wonderful welcome from the staff and students. The game was played in the afternoon on ice that was not in the best condition. The Oka team proved to be a fast going outfit and gave Blair some hard shots to save. The score was 3-1 for Oka.

Mac v. Hudson Heights

This was one of the fastest games played at Macdonald this season. The Macdonald forward line kept well together and with the effective checking of Ness and Archibald on defence, and some outstanding work by Blair in goal we were able to shut Hudson out 1-0. The Hudson team played a fast, hard-checking game and we had to work very hard for our win.

Mac v. Hudson Heights

A return game was played at Hudson the following week. Snow on the ice made it hard going but did not seem to slow up the game to any extent. Walker scored in the first period, and this tended to increase the Hudson attack. The second period found Blair making spectacular saves to keep the score in our favour. The third period was fast and even and ended with the score 2-2. In the overtime the Hudson team succeeded in scoring two goals to give them the game.

Mac v. Science II

This game played on the College ice found the team playing exceptionally good hockey. Stothart's returning to the team—after having been out with a bad knee—strengthened the defence greatly. Good, clean, hockey was played and the game ended 2-1 for Mac.

Mac v. Oka

This was played on the College rink and was the return match with Oka. Again the ice was in poor condition, which made the game a bit slow and ragged. The visitors again got the best of the scoring and the game ended 2-1 for Oka.

THE TEAM: *Goal.* Blair. *Defense* Stothart and Archibald. *Forwards* Walker, Cox, May. *Subs.* Ness, Riordon, Simpson.

* * *

We congratulate Basil Finn on his finishing tenth in a field of fifty in the eighteen miles Snow-shoe race at the International Convention at Quebec.

At the McGill swimming meet held on Thursday, Feb. 12th. Mr. Sketch won the 200 yds. breast-stroke event, and he is to be congratulated on being chosen as a member of the McGill team to compete with Queen's.

Wrestling at Macdonald

If enthusiasm meant everything, Mac would have turned out a team that would have competed with the best McGill had to offer in the way of wrestlers, but a lack of material resulted in Mr. Wolfe being our sole representative in the Championships.

Those who saw the Interfaculty Assault-at-Arms were well repaid for their trouble in going to Montreal. Wolfe, the only Mac entrant and last year's Inter Collegiate Champion, again won the championship and will represent McGill against Toronto and Queen's at Toronto on the 20th of this month in either the 112 or 118 lbs. class or possibly both classes.

Mr. Smith the McGill wrestling coach gave a marvellous exhibition of wrestling which was received with a hearty applause. In the boxing events, six of the bouts were won by the K.O. route to the general enjoyment of the audience.

It is to be hoped that the art of self-defence, be it boxing or wrestling, will not become a thing of the past and it is up to the students to assist Mr. Wolfe in keeping these sports alive at Mac at the expense of a few broken bones and changes in eye-colour.

HALF NELSON.

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Fundamentals in Basketball

By Frank Lloyd Sharpe

THE basis of proficiency in any study is in the fundamental principles of that study. Success in the subject depends on the degree of proficiency; the proficiency results from understanding and practice of the fundamentals. In the complicated details of the modern life of work and play we too frequently forget the simple rules and elemental bases, and try to build our skyscrapers on inadequate foundations. And so to the basketball player — this article.

The fundamental principle of play is to play. (We must never lose trace of this.) But the basis of proficiency and success in play lies in the psysical characteristics of physique, rhythm, skill and speed. These are component parts; but it is on the fundamental characteristic of Skill that the Macdonald, or any other, basketball player must dwell.

Skill in what? Catching, passing, shooting, dribbling, pivoting, feinting, and the simple rules of the attack and defense, are the fundamental points of the game of basketball which the player must master in order to acquire this invaluable asset.

And, briefly incomplete, these are the basic principles of these fundamental points. IN CATCHING—to funnel and cup the

hands — funnel to meet the contour of the ball, cup to avoid dropping the ball; **IN PASSING** — to pass a ball to master all the forms of passing, which include, in main, the snap or breast pass, the two-hand underhand pass, the one-hand shoulder pass, the two-hand overhead pass, the hook pass, the bounce pass, and the tip pass; to use the team pass as prescribed by the coach, which in our case is the simple snap or breast pass; not to pass to a closely guarded player, and, to receive a pass, to move towards the ball or cut to an uncovered area, or, in the case of a player in position to receive a shot at the basket, to move towards the basket; to follow through when passing to give speed, accuracy, and direction parallel to the floor; to pass to an oncoming player's waist, and to the shoulders and in advance of a player moving diagonally;

IN SHOOTING — to use, in main, the snap or breast shot, that is, when stopping abruptly on the run, with the front foot pointing towards the basket, body in a slight crouch, to hold the ball at the chest with fingers and thumbs, palms free behind, wrists straight, elbows in, and, then, as the ball is delivered, to point the hands towards the basket, palms away from the face, arms, body, and legs extended in a complete follow through; never to shoot when off balance; to take every split-second to shoot; to follow through every shot; to make short shots whenever possible; and for short shots of an angle of forty-five degrees or less to use the backstop, otherwise shoot for the hoop in a high arch;

IN DRIBBLING — to realize that it is better to pass and minimize the use of the dribble; to know that a dribble is used to advance the ball for a pass into the scoring area, to side-step an opponent to advance a pass, or to advance to the basket to shoot when a clear lane is left unguarded; **IN PIVOTING** — to remember that a pivot requires a firm well-balanced stance, a good grip on the floor, and is a rapid twirl on one foot which gives a new facing; that a pivot is used primarily to block an opponent, to prevent him from gaining possession, or to pass back to an oncoming player to complete a play; **IN FEINTING** — to originate a style by which you can outwit an opponent and make him believe that you are going to do what you are not; **IN ATTACK AND DEFENSE** — of this, anon.

By the time this goes to press, the College basketball team will have started its schedule in the Interfaculty League. Illness and accidents have whittled the team to the old reliables John McDonald, Gordon Findlay, 'Paddy' Frerichs, and Carl Grell. We know that they will be a credit to the College.

Of the games that have been played, the following are the results:

Macdonald 30 vs West Hill High School 24
Macdonald 30 vs Central Y.M.C.A. Juniors 44
Macdonald 28 vs Westmount High School 25
Macdonald 53 vs Commerce 18
Macdonald 23 vs Science '33 31

AGRICULTURAL ALUMNI

R. Summerby '11 is on leave for a few months which he is spending working with Dr. Fisher at the Rothamsted Station in England.

F. S. Grisdale '11 has resigned from the principalship of the Agricultural School at Olds. He is on his farm at Olds and is a member of the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Raymond '12 announce the birth of a son, Francis Robert.

H. D. Mitchell '15 is now with the Jamesway Limited, his address being 505 Talbot St., London, Ont.

G. H. Dickson '17 assisted in the teaching programme of the Department of Horticulture, Macdonald College, during the month of December last.

C. M. Collins '22 is the District Agriculturist at Lawrencetown, N.S.

H. W. Brighton '23 is with the Trade Commissioner's office in Lima, Peru.

We have received word to the effect that the marriage of H. R. Angell '25 and Rosalind Kate Ramsay took place at Sydney, Australia on October 30, 1930. Mr. and Mrs. Angell are living in Canberra.

R. S. Bell '26 is with the White Landscape Co. His personal address is 4510 Girouard Street, Montreal.

R. S. Johnson '30 is following graduate studies in the Department of Botany at McGill. His address is 236 Campbell Avenue, Montreal.

* * *

On Wednesday, January 21st. the Sophomores (Mr. Pyke and Mr. Price) defeated the Freshmen (Mr. Harvey and Mr. Swann) in one of the first round debates for the Robertson shield on the motion "That this House approves of the Doctrine of Evolution."

Mr. Harvey was congratulated by the judges on his good speech, and Mr. Pyke treated the subject in a light manner which pleased the audience.

The Seniors and Sophomores will now meet in the final for the Shield.

TEACHER'S ALUMNI

The 1930 graduates of the School for Teachers held a reunion in the form of a supper on January 24th, last. It was the first time such a reunion had been attempted and it was hailed as a success by all the members of the Staff, as well as the graduates who attended. After supper the Staff Members met their former students in the Reception Room where several informal speeches were given. The important speech of the evening was given by Miss G. T. Berry who enumerated the reasons why Macdonald should have an Alumnae Society, and so forceful were her arguments that within five minutes such a society was not only formed, but a temporary committee of seven was elected to carry on the work of organization. It is hoped that in a few year's time this will be a flourishing society consisting of members of not only the 1930 class, but as many others as it is possible to find accommodation for.

GRACE E. WOODWARD.

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The Diploma Course Debate

THE subject "Resolved that Teachers Make a Greater contribution to Society than Household Scientists" being debated by the first and second year Diploma students was responsible for more than usual interest this year. The pro's and con's of the case were presented before an almost full house which had divided itself to the right and to the left of the speakers according to their interest in the subject, the debaters, or the class they represented.

The second year representatives—Messrs. Pascoe and Flood—upholding the affirmative, introduced the subject, and in their broad interpretation of the word "Teacher" had a decided advantage from the point of side. Armed with plenty of material which was supported by a free and easy, yet forceful platform manner, they won the decision of the judges.

The first year Dip's represented by Messrs. Thomas and Jones made a very creditable showing. Though somewhat handicapped by lack of material and debating experience, they tackled

the subject whole-heartedly and attacked the argument of their opponents from all angles. Their delivery while quite good lacked the necessary support which well-organized and well-thought-out points contribute.

The judges in presenting their remarks made mention of the following points: (a) More attention should be given to the selection, working and interpretation of the subject, it being felt that the first year were handicapped in this respect. (b) On the whole the different debaters did quite well; particularly the affirmative who showed considerable promise as a debating team.

L. H. HAMILTON.

* * *

His Feathers

The very rich man gave his wayward son a thousand pounds and packed him off to South America, telling him not to come back again until he had made good.

Some months later the rich man received a cablegram from his son. It read:—"Have bought ranch and fifty head of cattle. A feather in my cap."

The rich man sent a cablegram congratulating the boy.

Two months passed and he received another message from his son:—"Have bought fifty acres of land and two hundred head of cattle. Another feather in my cap."

Again, the rich man cabled a message of congratulation.

Another cable quickly followed from South America. It read:—"Ranch destroyed by forest fire. Cattle lost. Please wire passage money home."

Father cabled back:—"Cannot send passage money. Suggest take feathers from cap, stick in self, and fly home."